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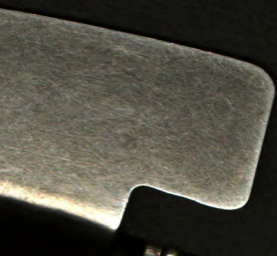
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My dear Hare -  
Will you accept  
this from the author?  
Very sincerely yr  
S. M. Master

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*"Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique  
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ."*

JUV. SAT. I.

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## ERRATA.

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### IN CANTO I.

III.—For “gaol” read goal.

XIII.—For “laden-like” read ladder-like.

XVIII.—For “his shining” read its shining.

### IN CANTO II.

VIII.—For “harvest” read harvests.

### CANTO III.

Note †—For “σκημα” read σχημα—for “σημαινομενο” read σημαινομενον.

Note ‡—For “Αναμνησις” read αναμνησις.

### CANTO IV.

V.—After “object” read a semicolon instead of a comma.

For “seek” read seeks.

IX.—For “carless” read careless.

XXIX.—For “other” read others.

### CANTO V.

VI.—For “fleshy” read fleshly.

### CANTO VI.

VII.—Omit reference †

XXXI.—For “shrine” read shine.

### IN CONCLUSION.

17.—For the second “utter” read mutter.





To R. D. W.

---

Accept this rambling, desultory, child—  
My song—attune it to consistency—  
Strange as its author, as its author wild—  
His mind lies mirrored in his minstrelsy—  
Take it, and, while you read it, may it be  
By converse with your intellect sublimed.  
Oh! if it make you waste one thought on me,  
'Tis not in vain that thus my Muse has rhymed,  
And I shall deem my gift, though humble, not ill-timed.

---

'Time was when I had thought to give it form—  
I send it formless, till that you impress  
The mould of kindliness, and make it warm  
With new imparted spirit.—In distress  
The chaos of my picture I confess—  
Yet from a rude, chaotic, mass once sprung  
A being of surpassing loveliness—  
Our earth that being—and its music rung—  
Tuneless before—when tuned by the Creator's tongue.

So tune my verse—and tune it to a measure  
 Of passing sweetness in your tender heart—  
 Tune it, until it has become a treasure  
 To thee, its minstrel—for must thou impart  
 Its all of beauty—thou its beauty art—  
 'Tis not for fame I send it, but to live  
 Still in the moral world when I depart  
 From its substantial—'Tis that I may give  
 One child which my decease, in memory, may survive.

---

Oxford—material Oxford—fades from view—  
 Fades, a loved image to my vacant breast—  
 Fades—but it leaves a picture ever new,  
 New and refreshing, where my heart may rest,  
 In sweetest, fondest, contemplation blest—  
 It is a picture gilded with the hue  
 Of human spirits, whose dear forms are dressed  
 In never fading colours, which endue  
 With a perpetual life those scenes in which I grew

---

From boyhood into manhood—from a thing  
 All objectless, till I became attired  
 In robes of thought, and heard my spirit ring  
 In unison with reason—till, inspired  
 By power invisible, my heart was fired  
 With feelings of affinity to God—  
 Till, of the world and worldly follies tired,  
 I leave the paths which heedless I have trod—  
 My unaccustomed feet with heavenly sandals shod.

In two short months I lived a life of years—  
 My heart a desert, and my mind a war—  
 'Tis past—I am myself again—The tears,  
 Which flowed in torrents once, now flow no more—  
 Perchance I may have drained the dewy store—  
 A breeze bursts o'er the desert, and a peace  
 Proclaims the conflict of my mind is o'er—  
 Lulled is the clang of arms—the war notes cease—  
 A star of stillness shines, proclaiming my release.

---

I go to preach a kingdom not of earth—  
 I go, for I am bidden,—Long I've fought  
 Against the mandate, doubtful of my worth  
 To bear the mighty message.—God has taught  
 Worth is not man's possession—he is nought—  
 I cease to wrestle, and I love the task,  
 Yet tremble as I love it.—I have caught  
 A ray of heavenly wisdom, and the mask  
 A moment is withdrawn, that there my soul may bask ;

---

Bask in the sunny light of love and truth,—  
 Inhale a vast communion with the hearts,  
 God's emanation—feed my fiery youth  
 On themes of mightiest import, till the darts  
 Of burning sin are blunted, and the smarts  
 Of keen temptation own the healing power  
 Of the divine physician, whose soft arts  
 Are proof against the most triumphant hour  
 Of hellish malice, and can quench its hottest shower.

Eight years have we been friends in this dull scene—  
 May be we have been friends before\*—may be  
 That here have we but reunited been,  
 In other forms, less glorious, bodily.—  
 Alas! there are whose frown would wither me  
 For thus surmising.—'Tis not thus with you—  
 For you can bear, have borne, it—and I see  
 A smile of recognition, as you view  
 The thought which never vex'd, yet your mild censure drew.

---

You can bear more from me than any other  
 That I have ever met with—You are kind  
 And tender as my father or my mother,  
 Yet less than they to all my foibles blind—  
 And you would curb, yet soothe, my restless mind—  
 And—Oh! you have obtained the only meed  
 That my frail heart can tender.—Let me bind  
 The laurel wreath around you—you succeed,  
 And in the course can check my most impetuous steed.

---

To you† it yields, and you may rein it in,  
 Though charged and winged with frenzy—know your power,  
 And use it as to keep it—you may win,  
 If married to success, a mighty dower,  
 To buy your safety when the whirlwinds lower  
 Of final dissolution.—You may gain  
 One soul for glory, while your own will tower  
 High above pain and fear in death's eventful hour.

I dedicate to you this rambling poem—  
 Reject it not as worthless, worthless though—  
 And, if you read, forgive this lengthened poem—  
 I never write but what my verses grow  
 Beyond proportion—It was ever so—  
 My soul is alway sprouting, and it teems—  
 A boundless river, whose vast heavings know  
 Nor rest nor limit—fed by mighty streams  
 Of self-creating thought, parent of countless themes.

\*I need hardly say that I am indebted to Plato for this and several other ideas broached in the course of these verses—for which I will here make one general acknowledgement.

†This stanza is accidentally imperfect—I hope the reader will bear it, for thus it shall abide.



**A MEDLEY.**



**CANTO I.**

## I.

Time was,—'tis past,—when, from the depths of sorrow,  
 I filled a bowl which bubbled into song,  
 And sought the while from out that draught to borrow  
 Some comfort that would make my spirit strong—  
 But found, alas ! such hopes did not belong,  
 For vain the effort which I did essay,  
 Albeit in mazy verse I wandered long,  
 Through fields of tempting thought allured to stray,  
 Till, waking, as from dreams, I found I'd lost my way.

## II.

Far from the tracts of reason had I roamed,  
 On velvet turf of fantasy beguiled,  
 Alive in seeming, but in thought entombed—  
 Caprice's fretful and disordered child—  
 Still on my path, though devious, ever smiled  
 One gentle ray, that linked me with the world  
 Of other spirits, though mine own, more wild,  
 Its trembling sail on troublous seas unfurled,  
 And scudded through the waves whose white tops foamed and curled.

## III.

For mine was no continuous, changeless, course  
 That knows its path and owns a destined goal—  
 My heart, woe-laden, sought the tide perforce,  
 And gave its rudder to the eddying soul—  
 There where the winds blow shrill, the waters roll—  
 My fragile bark scarce weathering the gale,  
 And 'scaping oft the scarce detected shoal—  
 At length with feeble, doubtful, joy I hail  
 The shores of reason as they greet my shattered sail.



## IV.

Within a cove, where slept the drowsy waves,  
 Reluctant from the surges I withdrew,—  
 For barren is the land that water laves,  
 And calm—too calm for me—the tranquil view,  
 For me the sky wore too serene a blue—  
 I languished, pining for the watery strife—  
 Enamoured of contention, scarce I knew  
 To tranquillize in silent paths of life,  
 And quit that scene where all with tumult's rage is rife.

## V.

I lived in idle vacancy, and slept  
 My days away in senseless apathy—  
 For faint the breeze which o'er those waters swept,  
 And scanty nourishment sufficed for me—  
 But still I languished for the stormy sea,  
 And longed to toil once more upon its billow,  
 And listen to its wildest minstrelsy,  
 Charmed e'en to slumber, on so rough a pillow—  
 The clouds a nobler shade than the o'erhanging willow.

## VI.

If aught relieved my listless brain, 'twas wonder  
 Should I alone be tenant of this isle,  
 If I were torn from kindred souls asunder,  
 If no rude dwelling reared its sheltering pile—  
 I roused me from my idlesse, to beguile  
 The lagging moments and inspect the home  
 That wooed me, though unwilling, with its smile,  
 And bade me hither into harbour come,  
 Though much I longed and prayed incessant still to roam.

## VII.

A streamlet, from its rocky bed that burst  
 Hard by the spot where I had made my nest—  
 From whose cool goblets I had quenched my thirst,  
 And on its banks reposed in peaceful rest—  
 Tempted my steps to wander.—On the crest  
 Of wood-crowned rocks, where reared the oak his splendour,  
 In robe of gaudy summer gaily drest,  
 'Mid other trees of arms and hearts more tender,  
 I bade the woods their strength to my keen axe surrender;

## VIII.

And fitted out anew my shattered bark  
 To glide along the river's silver stream—  
 For it was passing silvery to the dark  
 Dark face of ocean where I late had been,—  
 There the faint sun was scarcely known to gleam,  
 And stormy clouds on murky air were riding,  
 Like dark forebodings hovering o'er a dream  
 In slumber through the gloomy spirit gliding,  
 And sunny hopes of joy with fiend-like voice deriding.

## IX.

I launched my vessel, and the current caught,  
 At first with easy motion, my frail boat;  
 And, gliding peacefully, I almost thought  
 In gentlest seeming ever thus to float.  
 Then sudden rose a troubled wave that smote  
 The tender vessel—then another, sprinkling  
 My scarce clad body—while the foreign note  
 Of some wild songster, with the billow mingling,  
 Rose in the startled air, where stars were faintly twinkling.

## X.

And, weary with the fast increasing surge,  
 I steered to banks which seemed to promise stillness,  
 And, lulled to slumber by the murmuring dirge  
 Of that wild note which 'bated not its shrillness,  
 Tranquil I slept.—Dreams soothed my spirit's illness,  
 And 'snared me willing to a treacherous doze—  
 Sudden, like lightning, o'er my breast a chillness  
 Stole creeping, such as icy terror throws  
 Across the quivering limbs, awakening from repose.

## XI.

And well I started ! for with cruel fangs,  
 A snake, that creeps the earth with venom'd coil,  
 Close by my heart, a ready victim, hangs,  
 All eager to enwreath me in his toil—  
 A moment more, and I had been his spoil,  
 To feast his hunger, feed his hateful brood—  
 Ah ! happy thus his promised lust to foil !  
 With frantic leap upon my feet I stood,  
 And that fell serpent mourned to lose his hoped for food—

## XII.

Yet not at once resigned he to despair  
 The hopes which late had warmed his fearful breast—  
 His quick eye darts a fierce and ravenous glare,  
 And rose on high his murder-breathing crest—  
 Then for the keen pursuit reveals his zest—  
 I felt his speed—I knew his fangs pursuing—  
 The deadly pressure which the earth confessed—  
 In fancied gore his greedy jaws imbruing,  
 And with unholy joy a human banquet wooing.

## XIII.

There was a tree whose arms embraced me speeding,  
 And felled me with the shock its branches gave,  
 With timely opposition thus impeding  
 The flight that knew not of its power to save—  
 Above me, laden-like, the branches wave—  
 No time for doubting!—hissing o'er my fall  
 The snake was pressing to my seeming grave—  
 Stunned, trembling, bleeding, to that tree I crawl—  
 One touch has power, my sense, though wandering, to recall.

## XIV.

I breathe anew with freshly gathered vigour,  
 And climb the boughs, which bend to meet my hold  
 And then assume a more than wonted rigour  
 To close me firmer in their kindly fold.—  
 Meanwhile, by fury winged, the serpent rolled  
 His sweeping circles, with hot hunger blind,  
 And, pressing on with ardour uncontrolled,  
 Impatient tried about the roots to bind  
 His scaly folds, and mount from branch to branch entwined;

## XV.

But shook with feeble rage. The tree refused  
 To hold him grasping, and uncurled his folds,  
 And with rough knots his tender head it bruised,  
 And now his struggling form no longer holds—  
 He falls, and, breathing fury, sullen rolls  
 To keep a restless watch beside the stem—  
 And keenly his all-eager neck extols,  
 And rolls his eyes—so brilliant, the gem  
 Of purest stream in vain would strive to rival them.

## XVI.

And now the storm, which shook my boat, subsided,  
 And placid grew the late tumultuous wave,  
 And gently on its course the current glided  
 'Tween banks whose side the glassy waters lave—  
 The wind, whose stormy rage so lately drave  
 The rolling tide to meet the distant ocean,  
 Lulled into calmest breathing, ceased to rave,  
 And only woke the wave to softest motion,  
 Which trembled from its depths so lately with emotion.

## XVII.

And that soft breeze was wafted to the shore  
 On incense-laden pinions, till it filled  
 All nature with the odours which it bore,  
 And sounding woods immediate were stilled,  
 As if some mighty spirit thus had willed—  
 Then, from my watch-tower on a sudden gazing,  
 I wondered if some hidden force had killed  
 That serpent, which a moment since was raising  
 His horrid crest, and sought, with strength and speed amazing,

## XVIII.

To reach my hurrying footsteps. Faintly breathing  
 He lay beneath, his quivering head uplifting,  
 His slender form in many a circle wreathing,  
 With ever-restless motion constant shifting,  
 And, vainly struggling, with that soft breeze drifting.  
 The fire within his orbs forgot his shining—  
 Such wondrous circumstance with caution sifting,  
 I venture from the tree, whose arms, entwining,  
 Hushed my desponding heart, for safety lately pining.

## XIX.

I looked, and, as I looked, the breeze came blowing,  
 And wafted vigour to mine every limb,  
 As if in pity to my wants bestowing  
 The strength its fragrance still denied to him—  
 For he with pangs of hidden pain waxed grim—  
 And, fainter still and fainter ever growing,  
 I wondered as his brilliant eyes waned dim  
 Until they ceased to sparkle, little knowing  
 What power unseen had quenched that rage so lately glowing,

## XX.

And made it impotent. Such power pervaded  
 The breeze that wafted only strength to me,  
 And yet before that breeze the serpent faded,  
 And crouched, as if in abject misery,  
 But vainly sought its vigilance to flee—  
 A disappointed fury tore his heart—  
 I left him in his pain, again to be  
 Robbed of the victim he had doomed to smart,  
 And, bounding to the shore, I hastened to depart.

## XXI.

The breeze was blowing fresh and fair for sailing—  
 I raised the sail and spread it to the wind,  
 And, gladly once again the waters hailing,  
 Beside the helm all joyous I reclined—  
 And wonder seized me that I had repined  
 Awhile ago when waves were rolling wild—  
 I almost longed another storm to find,  
 So soon by seeming peacefulness beguiled  
 To deem myself still strong if fortune frowned or smiled.

## XXII.

But all went smoothly on the tranquil waters,  
 And nothing tempted now to quit the river—  
 E'en luxury might envy me such quarters—  
 So calm, so smiling, I would sail for ever—  
 And little deemed I that a blast might shiver  
 The hopes with which my fond heart was elated,  
 Nor dreamed I that so bounteous a giver  
 Might cease his favours when enjoyment sated,  
 And all my sunny hopes by clouds be dissipated.

## XXIII.

The river widened as I passed along,  
 And deeper grew—the banks more bleak appearing.  
 My bark held on with steady course and strong,  
 In noble guise her wings of canvas wearing,  
 And high above the wave her freightage bearing—  
 The placid breeze inclined my heart to song,  
 And, thus my solitary spirit cheering,  
 I tuned my feelings as we sailed along,  
 And in light verse released my long imprisoned tongue.

## 1.

My boat has left the ocean  
 And the roaring of the sea,  
 And it glides with easy motion  
 Through the waters under me.

## 2

I spread the gallant pinions  
 Of my gently filling sail,  
 And I scud through life's dominions  
 With an easy blowing gale.

## 3

Though the tempest darkly lower  
 It will have no fears for me—  
 For I've known its fiercest hour,  
 And I revel to be free.

## 4

Now passion's storm is over,  
 Now passion's rage has fled,  
 And I'm now a careless rover  
 With my canvas gaily spread.

## 5

Now I fear one only danger,  
 Lest upon me unawares  
 Should bear some ocean ranger  
 To afflict me with his cares—

## 6

For I've had enough of sorrow,  
 And I've had enough of care,  
 And I seek not to borrow  
 From another's grief a-share.

## 7

Now I am happy, only  
 Let no one interfere,  
 Or deem that I am lonely  
 Or that my heart is drear.



## 19

## 8

For I am joyous very  
 If I am left alone,  
 But I cease to be merry  
 When to others I am known.

## 9

My bark and I are friendly,  
 And we want no other heart,  
 So, if friends would act kindly,  
 They have only to depart.

## 10

Then blow, blow, ye breezes,  
 And waft us on our way—  
 Our friendship never freezes,  
 And we are ever gay—

## 11

We are gay, gay, for ever  
 If we are left alone,  
 And we will not sever  
 Till adown the stream we've flown.

## 12

Then, my gay vessel, cheer thee,  
 For we will never part—  
 The breezes endear thee,  
 And bind thee to my heart.

## 13

On, on, through the surges—  
 On, on, through the sea—  
 Let it sing our funeral dirges  
 Ere it part me and thee.

## XXIV.

The sounds had died in distance far away,  
And mingled with the clear surrounding air,  
Which seemed to envy me their longer stay,  
Or sought at least their merriment to share—  
And now the evening sky was wearing grayer—  
Unhappy portent of a sad to-morrow—  
The stars shone out, with placid light and fair,  
To nerve my soul for day's approaching sorrow,  
Or teach me from their light a lesson calm to borrow :

## XXV.

For they had looked on elemental strife,  
And learned the roughest gale in peace to weather,  
Had seen the sea, the air, with battle rife,  
And war stretch thousands on the blood-stained heather,  
Where mangled corpses lay in death together—  
And thus they taught my bark to stem the gale,  
Albeit upon the wave a fragile feather—  
And, as their lamps 'mid stormy clouds wax pale,  
So learned I in distress to furl the impetuous sail.

## XXVI.

The morrow dawned, with storm and tempest lowering,  
And winds were keen upon the troubled stream,  
In lofty heaps of angry billows towering,  
Whereon the frightened birds did frequent scream.  
The pallid sun scarce shed a gladdening beam,  
And on my heart there rose a cloud of sadness—  
And yet the starry night had left a gleam,  
Which o'er my spirit shed a ray of gladness  
That shone to guide my boat through the dark tempest's madness.

## XXVII.

But oft my eyes would wander to the shore,  
 And wish for peace within the sheltering bay,  
 Yet, struggling through the wild waves, I forbore  
 To tempt the land which threatened yesterday—  
 And o'er the waters still I held my way,  
 And steered my vessel bravely through the surge,  
 Though little pleased that rudder to obey,  
 And whirling often on destruction's verge,  
 Till from the tempest's rage in safety I emerge.

## XXVIII.

For sudden to the storm a calm succeeded—  
 Then burst the clouds and smiled the gladsome sun,  
 And gaily on its course my vessel speeded,  
 O'er the calm waves with bounding step to run—  
 And now the canvas, that afore did shun  
 The rude blast, to the gentler was expanded—  
 Danced the blithe rays, as if, in childish fun,  
 Kissing the laughing waters that demanded  
 Like homage from the face with which their smiles were bandied.

## XXIX.

Methought that in the distance, far as eye  
 Could pierce the air that dazzled with its sheen,  
 Upon the placid wave I could descry  
 Small specks that glide the rugged banks between,  
 Yet, fading oft as though they had not been—  
 And much I strained my eyes, all eager gazing,  
 Some greater certainty from thence to glean—  
 And, to the gathered brow my hand upraising,  
 I looked across the wave whose face the calm was glazing.

## XXX.

At length they grew beneath my straining vision,  
 And larger grew till all was certainty,  
 And gathered numbers from a fresh addition,  
 That first had 'scaped my unaccustomed eye,  
 Bedimmed by gazing on the glittering sky ;  
 And now they grew to boats, and some were sailing—  
 Some with the stream's sole impulse floated by—  
 In other hands the oars, once plied, were failing,  
 And mocked the weary arms whose toil was unavailing.

## XXXI.

My sail was set. I seized the oars with stronger  
 And firmer grasp than I was wont before—  
 And now my stroke was swifter far and longer,  
 And featly down the stream my bark it bore—  
 Till, gaining on its brethren evermore,  
 One only reach of waters lay between—  
 Blew the light breezes from the widening shore—  
 Now not a furlong seems to intervene,  
 Which sinks to nothing on the wave's deceptive green.

## XXXII.

A motley group of boats was that to view,  
 And motlier still the voyagers they bear—  
 I paused my bark awhile and conned the crew  
 Of varied aspect congregated there—  
 And little recked they of my lengthened stare,  
 For they were all engaged—in rowing some,  
 Some, steering, from the rudder did not dare  
 To raise their anxious features, whilst a hum  
 Of busy import from that crowded host did come.

## XXXIII.

The most were solitary, even when  
 They sailed in peopled vessels, scarcely seeming  
 To know they moved along with kindred men,  
 But glided on as lost in idle dreaming—  
 No occupation save their own esteeming—  
 And sometimes from those barks a sound ascending  
 Caught the soft air with varied fragrance teeming,  
 And with the heaven-born breezes faintly blending,  
 Met in the air above with one endeavour tending.

## XXXIV.

But never on the wave those sounds unite—  
 Discordant, dissonant, they leave the water—  
 Incessant jarring there they seem to fight,  
 And tuneless rise from every diverse quarter,  
 More jarring often when the space was shorter—  
 But when they gained, though manifold, the height,  
 The soft breeze blended all the notes they taught her,  
 And, winging thence her heaven-aspiring flight,  
 Charmed the bright forms that flit through regions ever bright.

---

\* \* \*

Pause, my aerial theme, and let me ponder,  
 Reclining listless on the waters dear  
 As mine own soul, or let me idly wander  
 O'er thy smooth surface, placid Windermere—  
 I love thy gentle beauties—gladly here  
 Would I remain indulging reveries,  
 Behold the hills ascending tier on tier,  
 Till, cloud-capped, mingling with the lofty skies,  
 They hide their summits from my ever-gazing eyes.

Light boats are flitting here and there in sight—  
 A steamer throbs its bulky form along—  
 The sun is shining on the waters bright,  
 And in the woods I hear the wind's faint tongue—  
 A thousand beauties live these hills among—  
 My boat lies sheltered in a shallow bay,  
 And all invites my willing Muse to song,  
 Though feebly do my words the call obey,  
 And faintly echo all the brimming heart would say.

---

An hour ago, and I was by the force\*  
 Where frequent visitors would oft repair,  
 To hear the dashing of that water course,  
 And breathe the freshness of the sunless air—  
 For woods of passing coolness flourish there,  
 And tempt your feet to leave the dusty road,  
 The sultry breezes, and the noontide glare,  
 For scenes which kindly nature has bestowed  
 On those who seek her in her most retired abode.

---

The boat is rolling on from Ambleside—  
 Her whirling paddles frothing as she goes,  
 And, cutting gaily through the yielding tide,  
 Dashes the severed waters with her bows—  
 And now she pauses, while the boatman throws  
 A rope that binds her firmly to the pier—†  
 'Tis but a moment that she breathes repose,  
 And now she whistles her adieu—They hear  
 The shrill toned signal, and away from land they steer.

Cutting the middle waters of the lake  
 We ply our straight and easy-going way,  
 Where waves their curling summits scarcely break,  
 And distant mountains raise their azure gray—  
 Oh! seldom have I seen so bright a day!—  
 The brilliant sun 'mid cloudless blue is gleaming,  
 And darts a warm but not a scorching ray  
 Upon the waters where his face is beaming,  
 And the rich banks anear with varied wealth are teeming.

---

Closer and closer draw we to Bowness,  
 And pass we by those verdant little isles  
 And onward still with gallant course we press  
 To where the garden-town in beauty smiles,  
 And house on house in rising grandeur piles—  
 The whistle shrill has sounded.—Haste, my pen,  
 Ere the boat, pausing, from your task beguiles,  
 And leaves me to the laughter of strange men,  
 Who soon will hold me in their all-astonished ken.

\*Stock gill force, near Ambleside.

†At Lowwood, between Ambleside and Bowness.

## **CANTO II.**



## I.

Oh! Muse, my Muse, thou lov'st to wander where  
 The feelings that thou servest beckon thee—  
 A while thou floatedst where the waters bear  
 A down the narrow stream, that silently  
 Flows on to join the all-ingulfing sea  
 That waits our souls—anon thou left the life  
 Of moral nature, revelling to be  
 Where softer beauties tempted, and where strife  
 Is peace compared to that with which the soul is rife.

## II.

Yet tranquil as the scene I pictured last  
 Was the still surface of dull virtue's river  
 When late we left it, storm and tempest past,  
 And, as we fondly, vainly, hoped, for ever—  
 Alas! how soon a sudden gale can shiver  
 The sanguine hopes of boyhood—and there is  
 A boyhood, on whose sunny brow there quiver  
 Such bright, though transient, rays of fancied bliss  
 As make the moral world look fair and sweet to this.

## III.

Both are delusive, blissful, ignorance—  
 The child who sports in tender infancy  
 Is doomed to wake at length, as from a trance,  
 Then know himself a man of toil to be,  
 And wean his spirit from its infant glee—  
 Thus whoso would on slender bark essay  
 To tempt the stream of rugged virtue, he  
 Begins with childish joy the novel way,  
 Whilst on the wave his oars with short lived vigour play.

## IV.

Ah! happy—more than happy—is his lot  
 If his boat weather well the first rude storm,  
 If his hands unaccustomed waver not,  
 And if, 'mid chilling blasts, his heart still warm  
 Discern through wind and wave the coming calm—  
 Happy! for he has learnt to trust betimes  
 What, trusted, spares him many an after qualm,  
 Perchance may shelter from a thousand crimes,  
 And hide those tempting paths up which the shipwrecked climbs.

## V.

The boats—the ships—were floating—for among  
 The fleet were ships of burthen, on whose deck  
 A motley group stood crowded—some were strong,  
 And their firm-jointed timbers little reck  
 What storms assail, obedient to the beck  
 Of that small guide, the rudder—for thus still  
 Must great things bow to little—and the speck,  
 The little speck, scarce visible, until  
 You feel its guidance—this must mould the vessel's will.

## VI.

E'en thus invisible to mortal ken  
 The thing which turns the scale of human deeds—  
 The all that bids us feel that we are men—  
 For what is that which sleeps and drinks and feeds?—  
 All animal, nought Godlike!—for it needs  
 The sustenance we share with beasts of earth—  
 Within is man's own principle—the seeds  
 Of all that makes life liveable, whose dearth  
 Would cause us little joy in our mere bodies' birth.

## VII.

Oh ! poetry, what art thou ?—Whoso knows  
 He knows what others feel but cannot say,  
 And least of all the poet, though he glows  
 With inspiration's purest, brightest, ray  
 Which burns, a restless fever, in his clay—  
 Thou music of the silent, solemn, soul—  
 Thou language of the feelings, which display  
 Feebly—ah ! feebly, in thy lines, how roll  
 The thoughts which struggle on to some dark distant goal.

## VIII.

That goal they know not, yet are they allured  
 By agency invisible to press  
 Forward, as though they saw it, and endured  
 For this one object life's untold distress—  
 Song ploughs what else were only wilderness,  
 And harvest all the feelings, as they grow  
 Forth from the fields of grief or joyfulness  
 Or neutral meditation—thus to sow  
 Vast fields of other hearts with seeds perchance of woe ;

## IX.

Woe or uncertain gladness—close combined—  
 Perhaps inseparable from our lot—  
 For joy is but as sorrow, where the mind,  
 A moment resting, haply feeleth not.—  
 All is by contrast—nothing is—one spot  
 Exceeds in loveliness, yet still exceeds—  
 In essence nought is lovely, or forgot—  
 Perhaps for that forgotten\* something bleeds  
 The heart whose heavy wing some food diviner needs.

## X.

But pass we on with life's slow current sailing,  
 'Mid other vessels hastening to our goal—  
 With some whose aching arms with toil are failing,  
 And some lie stranded on the treacherous shoal—  
 Ah! hapless!—round them how the waters roll!—  
 Then, thought I, is there none to save them drowning?  
 Fast rise the waters o'er their sinking soul—  
 Above them rocks in scornful pride are frowning  
 Around them waves, with foam their threatening summits crowning.

## XI.

A moment, but a moment—idly turning  
 A rare and curious gaze upon them cast  
 Proclaims them not unnoticed—yet no yearning  
 To aid their struggling efforts—and the blast  
 Is parting them asunder.—Lo! at last,  
 From where the tract was longest, nimbly speeding  
 One solitary urged his boat as fast  
 As his slight arms allowed him, inly bleeding  
 For those whose doubtful fate the others passed scarce heeding.

## XII.

He was a man “of labour more than years,”  
 A guardian spirit to the heartless crew—  
 Though young in age, his furrowed brow appears  
 To tell of pain that his heart only knew—  
 And yet he smiled with heartfelt love on you—  
 A smile no sooner seen than it endears  
 The bearer of its heaven-reflected hue,  
 And makes you wear the aspect that it wears,  
 Though bowed your aching head with life's distracting cares.

## XIII.

And all respected, if all loved not him,  
 And gave him passage as he moved along,  
 And lighter, as he passed, they seemed to swim,  
 And sweeter, if they sang, became their song—  
 Such gentle influence to him belongs—  
 The breezes loved him, and they filled his sail—  
 The waters knew him, and the shoals among  
 Transport his vessel safely, till the gale  
 Played in his listening ears the shipwrecked sailor's wail.

## XIV.

And now beside their watery bed he lay,  
 And tamed the winds with words of high command,  
 And soon the angry waves his call obey,  
 And forth he stretches his all-helping hand,  
 And raised the trembler, till the soft breeze fanned  
 His bloodless temples, and breath heaved anew,  
 Rekindling recollection, which the sand  
 And waves had choked, until at last it grew  
 Self-conscious, and the mind its past, its present, knew :

## XV.

The past how painful ! may the present be  
 A time of calm reflection !—may it guide  
 To safer paths, and teach the soul to flee  
 The dangers of the unadventured tide,  
 Which rolls rude rocks and hidden shoals beside—  
 Rolls to destruction, foaming as it goes—  
 Oh ! treacherous confidence !—the stream is wide,  
 But, wider as its water ever flows,  
 Fast grow the dangers which unwary barks enclose.

\* \* \*

Pause thee, my Muse—Perform a pleasant duty,  
 And let thy wing a little moment range  
 From where, 'mid scenes of rocky, verdant, beauty,  
 The eye looks down upon the roofs of Grange,†  
 And glories in an ever growing change—  
 Below, the sea—around, the silent trees,  
 And freshest herbage—as though, in revenge  
 For ocean's ravages, the kindly breeze  
 Had planned a garden which might e'en defy the seas :

---

As if, at earth's request, he begged the rocks  
 From far and near to lend their masonry  
 And pave a lofty hill with solid blocks  
 Cemented with the richest turf and tree—  
 A work of endless strength and charm to be—  
 The rocks, consenting, lend a ready hand,  
 And, far beyond the contract, cheerfully  
 Perform the task allotted, till the sand  
 Looks up with envy on the scene that grows so grand.

---

Loud growled the wave with fury impotent,  
 And hurled his weapons on the heedless shore,  
 Till, blindly raging, all his force was spent,  
 And, sinking wearily, he ceased to roar,  
 And the hushed mountain heard his voice no more—  
 Ah ! let him fret, with wintry force endued—  
 Of storm and tempest still “produce his store”—  
 No wind so high, no stormy wave so rude  
 Will blast those firm-set rocks' eternal quietude.

\*I have already expressed myself indebted to Plato—This idea is so palpably borrowed that it hardly needs a note.

†A pretty little village on the Western side of Morecambe bay.

### **CANTO III.**

## I.

Sweet is the breath of evening, as it wafts  
 Silence and incense from the voiceless wave—  
 Sweet as it fills the spirit with long draughts  
 Of solemn thoughts, which rise, as from a grave,  
 When noise and turmoil grant our hearts to lave  
 In their own sweetest fountain, and to drink  
 From out that soul, whose great original gave  
 To us his thirsty creatures on the brink  
 Of this unfathomed well to sit, and, tasting, think.

## II.

E'en so I think, and would pursue my theme,  
 But thought's excess o'erpowers me. Wherefore flit  
 My restless musings?—formless as a dream  
 Which we remember pointless—bit by bit—  
 Yet vainly strives the mind to make of it  
 Or plan or argument—A person here,  
 Place there—but no connection, not a whit—  
 All isolated—each, in his own sphere,  
 Sole monarch, reigning lone o'er deserts long and drear.

## III.

Still must I to my subject—Much remains—  
 A weary waste of waters unconfined—\*  
 Ere that my truant Muse, late anchoring, gains  
 The goal of its own wishes—Lo! the wind  
 Is up and beckons to the wavering mind.—  
 Away! away!—Once more on life's wide waters  
 I sail, scarce visible, but never blind  
 To aught that passes in those troublous quarters,  
 And view the varied fate of sorrow's sons and daughters.



## IV.

Oh! wherefore all this sorrow, all this toil?—  
 Who is the cursed author of our ills?—  
 We ask and know not! Why are we the spoil  
 Of deities malevolent? our wills  
 Our own, or seem to be! yet something kills  
 Their best endeavour.—Oh! most wretched man,  
 Thou art the sport of destiny, that fills  
 Thy sail with its own winds, which, captious, fan  
 The stream of transient life since first its current ran.

## V.

Two boys were sailing in that motley host,  
 Of sweetest aspect and in beauteous dresses—  
 And scarcely knew I which to love the most,  
 Such charms, though varied, every look possesses—  
 The one was light as morning, and his tresses,  
 Of golden hue, were as his features fair—  
 Fleet were his movements, and his air confesses  
 The sunny thoughts which fondly nestle there,  
 Enshrined in curls round which long floats his golden hair.

## VI.

The other was to him as night to morning,  
 Sweet as a calm and gentle summer night,  
 When stars of softest influence, adorning  
 The spangled heavens, have shed their clear pure light—  
 Oh! seldom have I seen so sweet a sight!—  
 Black were his raven tresses, and his eye  
 Thoughtful and fixed, but yet for ever bright—  
 At times I heard him heave a gentle sigh,  
 And in his eye the tear seemed as not alway dry.

## VII.

But, when he smiled, how heavenly was that smile,  
 Which darted to the chambers of the heart,  
 And warmed them with its radiance the while,  
 And seemed to say, "Once met we will not part."—  
 Woman, beware—and cherish not the dart  
 To thy own fond destruction—it is armed  
 With that may pierce too deeply, nor depart  
 Till thy torn bosom, with the wound alarmed,  
 Wrench with convulsed force the dart which pained, yet charmed.

## VIII.

And thou, sweet child of beauty and of love,  
 Dart not thy searching glances unawares—  
 Too powerful thou at large in grace to move—  
 Such deep attraction thy loved aspect wears!—  
 Beware—(alas!) for beauty has its snares,  
 And countless are its victims.—Keep thee pure—  
 Though sweet the fruit the tree of knowledge bears,  
 It has a poison which few herbs can cure—  
 It is a deadly tree, though its rich boughs allure.

## IX.

E'en now thou art in danger. Thy fixt glance  
 Is struggling onward to the treacherous shore—  
 It rests a moment, lost as in a trance,  
 A deadly trance—Awake thee—gaze no more—  
 Another glance, and thy life's peace is o'er—  
 'Tis given—oh! God!—'tis given!—the rudder turns—  
 The boat is steering where those glances bore—  
 It anchors near the fruit for which he burns—  
 He gathers—eats—rejects—his soul no longer yearns.

## X.

Fed to satiety he loathes the fruit,  
 And curses it with many a bitter curse,  
 And yet again he culls that bitter root,  
 And, more than sated, loathes it ever worse.—  
 Meanwhile its odours his frail thoughts disperse—  
 Whirls his light brain and racks his fevered head—  
 He reels—he falls to earth, his only nurse,—  
 It seems as though his spirit, from him fled,  
 Had left him there to lie an exile from the dead :

## XI.

It seemed so, but it was not—yet had been  
 But for a timely rescue.—That small boat,  
 Which late had steered where perils distant seen  
 On acts of mercy tempted it to float—  
 To where the greedy vulture's fearful note  
 Proclaimed a promised banquet gently gliding,  
 Neared the far shore—and now, where savage gloat  
 Those carrion eyes, all hope of life deriding,  
 It grates upon the sand—a well known pilot guiding ;

## XII.

Well known for acts of mightiest charity—  
 Well known to man, yet better known to God,  
 Who sent him from his own abode to be  
 A pilot o'er the paths which once he trod—  
 His feet with mercy's fairest sandals shod—  
 The tree, the fruit, abhorred him, yet they grew  
 Faint as he neared them.—Stretched upon the sod,  
 Mid dying leaves, with which the breezes strew  
 The earth's dull surface, lay that form, whose death-like hue

## XIII.

Betokened him their brother. Pallid lay  
 And breathless he in seeming, but still fair—  
 Too fair, too young to be the devil's prey—  
 Too pure to dwell within his hateful lair,  
 For sin to him was fraught with grievous care—  
 He loved it not—he hated it—and cursed  
 The passions which allured him to the glare  
 Of vile enjoyment, and at times dispersed  
 Those holy thoughts in which his infancy was nursed.

## XIV.

And there were women—gentle women—there—  
 And some were mothers, loving mothers, too,  
 Who tended their sweet offspring with a care  
 Known but to mothers.—On their breasts they grew,  
 And thence their infant life, scarce conscious, drew—  
 And some were older, and had grown endeared  
 By acts of tenderness which children knew  
 To render to their parents, who had reared  
 Their infant years, and safe through threatening perils steered.

## XV.

And there were tender girls, with long fair hair,  
 Bright eyes, and skin of snowy softness white,  
 And some a mother's toil had learned to share  
 And in a sister's duties found delight—  
 Ah ! it was sweet to view the beauteous sight—  
 The tender care—the tremblings of alarm  
 For their young charges—lest some wind should blight  
 That cheek, whereon the rose had shed its charm,  
 Or† paler lily graced a form the sun might harm.

## XVI.

There was one pallid, sickly, little child—  
 A gentle boy—of sweetest aspect he,—  
 And, spite of his incessant pain, he smiled,  
 And tried to mimic still an unfelt glee,  
 For he was grieved his mother's tears to see—  
 He knew his death was certain, yet he seemed  
 'To think it distant from his lot to be—  
 Yet, when the little stars at evening beamed,  
 He could not hide the truth of what so near he deemed.

## XVII.

He whispered to his mother, and his breath,  
 Scarce audible, sighed forth the mournful tale—  
 He told her, what she dreaded, that his death  
 Was near—and from her heart broke forth a wail—  
 A long heart-broken dirge—as when the gale,  
 Betokening coming storms, prolongs its moan,  
 And bids the venturous bark to furl its sail—  
 So moaned she as she saw herself alone—  
 While her sweet boy breathed forth these words, in cheerful tone.

## 1

Mother, dearest mother, I hear the soft breeze calling,  
 Calling, dearest mother, to the realms of air away,  
 Away, dearest mother, and the bright stars are falling,  
 Falling, dearest mother, to guide me on my way—

## 2

To guide me on my way to where the sky is beaming,  
 Beaming, dearest mother, with many a fairy face—  
 With many a fairy face the azure sky is gleaming—  
 Gleaming, brightly gleaming, in that pure and holy place—

## 3

In that pure and holy place where happy souls are dwelling—  
 Dwelling, ever dwelling, in the boundless fields of air—  
 In the boundless fields of air they dwell, for ever telling—  
 Telling, dearest mother, all the bright thoughts they share—

## 4

All the bright thoughts they share, for there is no more sorrow—  
 No more sorrow, mother, in the pure and cloudless sky—  
 In the pure and cloudless sky where I hope to be to-morrow—  
 To-morrow, dearest mother, with my tears for ever dry—

## 5

For ever dry, mother—Oh ! I grieve to see you weeping—  
 Weeping and bewailing o'er your little wayward child—  
 Your wayward child, mother, whose happy spirit, sleeping,  
 Sleeping soon, mother, will fancy that you smiled—

## 6

That you smiled, dear mother—for there'll be no more crying—  
 No more crying, mother, in those scenes of only joy—  
 Of only joy, mother,—Oh ! I'm glad that I am dying—  
 Dying, sweet mother, is your melancholy boy.

## 7

He was melancholy, mother—yet fondly still you loved him—  
 Loved him, dear mother, far more than he deserved—  
 Ah ! he was wayward, but seldom you reproved him—  
 Seldom, dear mother, when from duty's path he swerved.

## 8

And oft I swerved, mother—for I was dark and gloomy,  
 Gloomy, dear mother, as I sailed along the stream—  
 Along the stream, mother, with only one that knew me,  
 Knew that I was not as heartless as I seem.

## 9

For I loved the little boats, mother, on the waters floating,  
 And I loved the little crews that guided them along—  
 But I mixed not, mother, for my heart was ever doating—  
 Doating, ever doating, on the happy land of song.

## 10

And ever as I went, Oh ! my little heart was ringing—  
 Ringing, dear mother, with its own silent tune—  
 And I loved to hear the birds their light carols singing,  
 Singing, dear mother, along the banks in June.

## 11

And I loved the gentle rippling of our own river,  
 And I loved to pierce its depths when swollen with rain—  
 And I joyed to see the sunbeams upon its face quiver,  
 And I sought to know their meaning, but I sought in vain.

## 12

And it seemed that all the sounds heard awoke a remembrance†  
 Of something heard before in a happy happy land—  
 And all the pretty sights bore a very faint resemblance  
 To what I'd seen, but could not see—it was too grand.

## 13

But they seem to grow clearer, mother—yes, far clearer,  
 And I shall see them soon, mother, see them once again,  
 And know them better, as they grow dearer, far dearer  
 Than when I saw them only through the mists of pain.

Oh ! sweet ! sweet ! I hear the merry bells tinkling—  
 Tinkling, dear mother, from the blessed house of prayer.—  
 And high o'er its roof the little stars are twinkling,  
 Twinkling and falling to meet their brother there.

Then good bye, mother—dearest mother, cease bewailing—  
 We shall meet soon, mother, in the happy land above,  
 To which our little boats through rugged rocks are sailing—  
 Sailing, till they anchor in the bright land of love.

One kiss, mother ! the last of earthly giving—  
 One word, mother ! to say you will not weep—  
 And when I seem to die, mother, know that I am living,  
 Living, ever living, when on earth I'm laid to sleep.

---

### XVIII.

He died.—His body, in the waters sleeping,  
 Awaits its resurrection—but his soul,  
 No more in sorrow's troubled river steeping  
 Its airy spirit, hastens to its goal,  
 Where endless seas of bliss for ever roll—  
 Whilst, o'er his fancied grave in silence weeping,  
 His mother vents the grief she should control—  
 And, ever by the wave her still watch keeping,  
 A barren harvest in the sands of woe sits reaping.

---

\*I feel as though this line were a quotation from Childe Harold—but I have't time to examine.

†I know this is not grammatical—if it is intelligible, language has performed its part.—Would it be called technically a *σκημα προς το σημαινόμενο* ?

‡'Αναμνησις again !



## CANTO IV.

## I.

There were two cousins sailing side by side  
 And one was calm in seeming, yet he had  
 A heart as warm as any and as wide  
 To compass others' faults—though on his sad  
 And thoughtful brow was writ he knew them bad—  
 He owned me for a brother, and we grew  
 Firm linked in close companionship—The mad  
 And angry waters roared—the wild winds blew,  
 But seldom parted us from one another's view.—

## II.

He helped me when I faltered, and he cheered  
 The way with consolation, and became  
 To my ungrateful soul a thing endeared—  
 And there to me was music in his name,  
 And dear to me as to himself his fame.  
 We sailed, we sail, together—Though we move  
 Apart in body, yet our hearts may claim  
 The closest tie of kindred—Such the love  
 Which shines upon our souls with lustre from above.

## III.

'Twere vain to sing his praises—We are friends,  
 And friendship is the highest human praise—  
 Inviolable friendship—for it blends  
 The pure, the truthful, in a holy blaze  
 Of strong devotion—which for ever plays,  
 But brighter in a purer atmosphere—  
 Brighter, and more transcendent, till its rays  
 Of perfect love have cast away all fear,  
 And burst are all the chains which bound our friendship here.

## IV.

And fondly do I love that other man—  
 His cousin, his companion, his friend—  
 Fondly, since first upon the wave began  
 That friendship which I pray may never end,  
 But to some happy consummation tend—  
 He was, he is, a restless ardent soul,  
 Yet beautiful as restless.—Ardour lends  
 A grace to all his movements, as they roll  
 Varied, but striving still to find some heavenly goal :

## V.

And he will find it, and it will become—  
 In time it will become, his wished for rest—  
 And there at length he will behold the home  
 He seeks but finds not, by the search opprest,  
 And weary with the yearnings of his breast—  
 He knows not what he yearns for, yet there is  
 Who knows and pities, as he views the zest  
 Of which he is the object, objectless  
 Though, to appearance, seek that soul for some to bless.

## VI.

Move on, dear spirit, fondly loved by all,  
 Move on and claim an interest everywhere—  
 Thy due, thy homage.—Lo ! the breezes call  
 To fill thy fitful sail—yet let me share  
 At intervals thy voyage—only spare  
 One seat within thy boat, where I may be  
 At times thy still companion—Let me dare  
 Thy flights, thy roamings ; for beyond I see  
 A calm burst o'er the waves to last eternally.

## VII.

There was one restless spirit, constant roaming  
 To tempt forbidden paths with danger fraught,  
 And chiefly steered he where the waters, foaming,  
 By the rude jutting of the rocks were caught,  
 By perils erst encountered all untaught—  
 Some spirit seemed to save him on the verge  
 Of dark perdition which his frail boat sought,  
 And bear him safely through the dashing surge,  
 E'en when the wild waves chant his mournful funeral dirge.

## VIII.

He loved to wander where the wave was deepest  
 And black as pitch to his unwonted ken—  
 And where the winds are rude, the rocks are steepest—  
 There wandered he apart from other men,  
 And seemed to pine for ocean's darkest den—  
 He was a more than interesting boy—  
 I viewed him in the distance, trembling when  
 He steered where snares his restless soul decoy—  
 And, oh ! I viewed him 'scape with silent heartfelt joy.

## IX.

I saw that many viewed him and admired  
 His careless daring—though they feared to go  
 Where his high spirit restlessly aspired,  
 And much I longed the venturous boy to know,  
 But feared that he would hold me as his foe,  
 For I was timid, daring he—he smiled  
 Upon the river's dangers, as to show  
 They were to him no dangers—I, a child,  
 Looked with deep awe upon the waves that roared so wild.

## X.

I caught his eye—he frowned not—nay, his brow  
 Bent to a gentle welcome, which spake more  
 In him than countless voices—These endow  
 Lies with the garb of truthfulness, and pour  
 Honey from lips of bitterness, a store  
 Of well-worked falsehood—but those eyes speak true—  
 They speak from heart to heart, and ope a door  
 To sweet abodes of friendship, where a few—  
 A favored few—repose full in the bright heart's view.

## XI.

And there was one, a young and tender man,  
 Tender as woman to the thing she loves—  
 His heart a stream, down which the waters ran  
 Sweet, balmy, healing—and, as on it moves,  
 It wakes its shores to gladness, and proves  
 The virtue of its waters to dispel  
 Sorrow and sadness.—Whoso tastes approves  
 Its power to gladden—and the roots so fell  
 Of bitterness confess and hate that well-known spell.

## XII.

He was as light and airy thing as ever  
 Tempted\* the heights of Skiddaw or Helvellyn—  
 Had you once seen him, you had grieved to sever  
 And leave, albeit a moment, his sweet dwelling,  
 Your heart against your reason still rebelling—  
 A few short hours and he was at my side,  
 And now between us winds and waves are yelling—  
 And by my heart the distance magnified  
 Seems boundless as the earth, and as the ocean wide.

## XIII.

Another—yet another—form appears,  
 Calm, good, and happy—silent, till his heart  
 Leaps to his mouth and sparkles—or, when fears  
 For others' welfare sting him with the smart  
 Of kindly apprehension, his the art  
 To feign the voice of cheerfulness, allaying  
 Suspense which from himself will not depart—  
 And, while his thoughts 'mid perils still are straying,  
 He seems as though with fears of danger gaily playing :

## XIV.

He seems so, but he is not—ne'er was soul  
 More true to others—more as not his own—  
 In him the yearning spirit finds a goal—  
 To him may misery make its sorrows known,  
 And he who weeps may hear an answering groan—  
 All sympathies in his kind heart are blended,  
 And in his face, his voice, his mood, are shown—  
 In sickness oft and pain his hand has tended,  
 And his soft voice has chid the brother who offended.

## XV.

There was a happy spirit, and it moved,  
 A steady sailor, yet for ever turning  
 To help some straying brother that it loved,  
 And for whose safety it was ever burning—  
 For in its soul there dwelt the strongest yearning  
 Towards all its fellows, and, for ever shining,  
 Its bright eyes danced the waters, proudly spurning  
 The tyranny of custom, and entwining  
 Its heart with other hearts which for such love were pining.

## XVI.

But ever, as he wandered, he remembered  
 A mother and a sister, whose small bark  
 Received him glad and gladly, though unnumbered  
 The ships o'er which he carolled, light as lark—  
 Stern hearts relax and faces, as they hark  
 The well-known music ringing in the air—  
 Or, when the night is black, they hail the spark  
 That lights them through their dangers, till the glare  
 Of sunlight shines anew that frightened spark to scare—

## XVII.

Which ceases with the sunshine.—Guardian sprite,  
 Sing on, shine on, for ever—I adore  
 Thy gentle presence, and the cheerful light  
 That woos me now would follow evermore,  
 And see my safety when the breakers roar—  
 Thou hast been kind to me when yet I slighted,  
 Or seemed to slight, the aid I now implore—  
 Oh ! sad ! that love should be so ill requited,  
 Though on my path it shone when else I'd been benighted.

## XVIII.

And there was one who moved me with a feeling  
 Of awe and admiration close entwined—  
 His thoughtful brow and steady gaze revealing  
 The workings of an ever active mind—  
 His constant occupation was to find,  
 Or strive to find, what others passed unheeding—  
 The world of causes.—Oft his spirit pined  
 For certainty, and, with the vain search bleeding,  
 Took refuge in itself, on meditation feeding.

## XIX.

In Athens' days of brief, but splendid, glory  
 There lived a man—her citizen—her friend—  
 Whose name, for ever blended with her story,  
 Reflects on her more fame than she can lend  
 To his immortal virtue—Still they blend—  
 Athens and Socrates are kindred sounds—  
 Though humbly let his mother city bend  
 To him—her martyred son—whose name redounds  
 To her perpetual fame, yet circumscribes its bounds—

## XX.

For she—his mother—murdered her own son—  
 Her best, her noblest, progeny—alas !  
 She knew him not, till by her act was done  
 What sealed his earthly fortune.—Let it pass—  
 It has been hymned by others, and it has  
 Obtained a world-wide notoriety—  
 Enough, at present, that the Athenian was,  
 And *is*, if kindred character may be  
 Meet ground to make of two one soul's identity—

## XXI.

Alike in spirit—not alike in feature—  
 No beauty graced the great Athenian sage—  
 Yet is his counterpart a beauteous creature,  
 With manners formed by nature to engage—  
 His is a more than a common heritage—  
 His face is fair and moulded to entrance  
 The gaze of the beholder—on its page  
 Sweetness is writ and courtesy—his glance  
 Would make your happy heart with joyfulness to dance.



## XXII.

'Tis beautiful—'tis more than beautiful—  
 To see the man of twenty who is pure—  
 'Tis beauteous e'en in woman—years annul  
 The heritage of childhood, and endure—  
 Perforce endure—that knowledge, whose sole cure  
 Is purity of spirit.—I have seen  
 This fairest, loveliest virtue—seen it sure,  
 In one at least, as it has ever been,  
 And found one beauteous soul linked to a beauteous mien.

## XXIII.

My Socrates—my modern Socrates—  
 Forgive my words (for you will recognize  
 The name I gave you)—let them not displease  
 You, who are vile and weak in your own eyes,  
 You, who would start if any called you wise—  
 Forgive them—oh ! forgive them—for I fear you—  
 I told you that I feared you, and surprise  
 Succeeded my announcement.—Still I hear you  
 Assure me with kind words that to my heart endear you.

## XXIV.

Melt, melt—my Muse—Thy softest tones are needed  
 To dwell a moment, but a moment, where  
 One beauteous form along the river speeded,  
 In contemplation thus his toil to share—  
 In only contemplation may I dare—  
 He knows me not—will never know me, for  
 We move in spheres which will not, cannot pair—  
 Still let me, though in distance, still outpour  
 My silent musings from a fond heart's liquid store.

## XXV.

He is a lovely being—light and slender—  
 A lively being, though at times he's sad,  
 And through his eyes I see a spirit tender,  
 A soul that might be mournful yet seem glad—  
 I loved him, though communion he forbade—  
 Not that his voice forbade me—no, it greeted,  
 Yet said the while, I greeted not—it had  
 A gentle sound that wooed me, yet defeated  
 My love the while its words of greeting were repeated.

## XXVI.

It had a silvery sound, that sunk the deeper  
 And cut the while it sought to catch my ear—  
 Nor sought in vain—my heart was no dull sleeper—  
 Well if it were !—that voice had been less dear,  
 And I had spared my head its warmest tear—  
 I love him till my heart would† almost burst  
 With pent emotion time alone will sear—  
 Time, the consoler—which full oft has nursed  
 My soul when by the pangs of disappointment cursed.

## XXVII.

He was of noble blood—yet he despised it,  
 And deemed it but a bauble—for he held  
 A deeper root of nobleness, and prized it  
 Far more than arms and pedigrees of eld—  
 A spirit ne'er in scenes of danger quelled—  
 He had the only noble blood, the daring  
 And proud endurance, not to be repelled  
 By vulgar insult, and, of his life sparing,  
 He sought the perils which more timid souls were scaring.

## XXVIII.

I might not gaze too long upon him—soon  
 The rocks had hid him from my sight—the wave  
 Rippled between us, and the silvery tune  
 Of his sweet voice was silent as the grave—  
 The wild winds mocked the faint sigh that I gave,  
 And all save recollection faded fast—  
 Again the hoarse waves roar—the breezes rave,  
 And all is hushed beneath the whelming blast,  
 Which with a deafening yell of triumph hurried past.

## XXIX.

I saw another boat, and in it three,  
 Who manned the vessel in their several spheres—  
 One held the helm, and he appeared to be  
 The eldest in experience and in years—  
 A skilful pilot through the rocks he steers—  
 The other trimmed the sails, or, in the night,  
 They watch where, in the starry† heaven, appears  
 The beacon of their safety, whose clear light,  
 In calm or storm, ne'er mocks the close observer's sight.

## XXX.

I see them, and I know their course is true  
 To the far haven where they seek for rest—  
 I see them, and I know them by the hue  
 That lights their features, though with care opprest—  
 For all are thoughtful.—In each anxious breast  
 I read the furrows of in-dwelling care—  
 Yet smiles the harvest, in those furrows blest,  
 As though those hearts of hearts within them bear  
 Woe that is all their own, but joys they love to share.

## XXXI.

I cannot picture but disfigure them—  
 I cannot name them—they are nameless ever—  
 Too sacred for the vulgar, who condemn  
 The rising panegyric, and endeavour  
 From virtue's stem some tender leaf to sever,  
 Decrying homage.—Let them be unhymned—  
 They need no praises. Their's is fame that never  
 Within the world of spirits will be dimmed,  
 Ee'n though their lamp of light by others be untrimmed.

## XXXII.

Yet have I hymned them once in feeble strains—  
 Far nobler they in nameless dignity—  
 Yet let me say I love them—Nought remains  
 That pen can add to make their lustre be  
 Brighter than if unmentioned—for not he,  
 The pilot, nor the sailors are unfamed.—  
 I look along the waters, and I see,  
 Far as the eye can bear, their friendship claimed  
 By thousands, who to sue for it are not ashamed.

\*Bear with this enormous inconsistency—Remember! I prepared you for such instances.

†This is a little idealized, but only idealized.

‡One at least is somewhat fond of stargazing.

## **CANTO V.**

## I

My voice grows feeble, and my spirit faint,  
 As glows the work thus thoughtlessly begun—  
 Oh! must I cease at last, and pour my plaint,  
 My idle plaint, to those I seem to shun,  
 And tell them how I love them every one,  
 Yet cannot hymn them? Will they still believe  
 My true, but mere, assertion? Is there none  
 Will doubt my fond affection?—Must I weave  
 Their countless names within the song I ought to leave?

## II.

Oh! if I seem to single out a few  
 From the vast host that moves before mine eyes,  
 Or if I seem, my friends, to see not you,  
 Nor with your wanderings to sympathize—  
 It is not so, believe me—thought defies  
 To picture all I love, esteem, behold  
 With sorrowful affection—as arise  
 Before my gaze their efforts, as they hold  
 Their varied course to where the ocean wide is rolled.

## III.

A thousand tongues were voiceless to express  
 The yearnings of my soul's intensity,  
 As I behold you struggle where the stress  
 Of weather beats around you savagely—  
 Oh! oft my anxious heart has bled for ye—  
 Bled as it could not, would not, be assuaged—  
 Would it had bled to death! and set me free  
 From scenes of sorrow, where the tempest raged,  
 And with the sprite of peace eternal warfare waged.

## IV.

Yet have I faith to trust you, for I know  
 That you would deem my task an endless one,  
 A hopeless one, if that its murmurs grow,  
 Embracing all I reverence, till it stun  
 The frightened senses.—No, my task is done—  
 There are that I could picture, and there are  
 More whom I love but know not. There are none  
 Who move me not their griefs and joys to share,  
 Though cast my thoughts of love unknown upon the air.

## V.

Such as are\* lowly, such I love the best—  
 I reverence—I behold them with an awe  
 Inspiring admiration—though the rest  
 Appear to me as though they never saw—  
 Yet have such characters a power to draw  
 My soul's devotion, and inspire my mind  
 With love well tempered, binding as a law  
 On my heart's conformation—let it bind!  
 It is a solemn force of magic undefined.

## VI.

I have one study, one pursuit—'tis Man—  
 To read him, love him, is the task assigned  
 To me by my creator, and I can  
 Obey the call with pleasure, for my mind,  
 To other knowledge, other interests blind,  
 To this is all devoted, all attuned—  
 I read as I am bidden, and I find  
 A God in fleshy clothing—I had swooned  
 With God alone or flesh alone to have communed

## VII.

I read his godhead through mine own, and love  
 With love divine the thing divine that glows,  
 Devouring Satan, who, from realms above  
 Once hurled, impregnates with his guilt and woes  
 This our creation, making us the foes  
 Of him with whose pure blood our souls are warm.  
 Dividing self, within our hearts he sows  
 His parted essence, married to the worm,  
 And stalking through the world in vice's beauteous form.

## VIII.

He stings the flesh—his own peculiar child—  
 He stings it in the purest, though in vain  
 He strive to taint their spirits—which defiled,  
 They are his progeny ; and, to his chain  
 Inseparably linked, no more they strain  
 To break their fetters—for they love their sire,  
 And cleave to him all willingly—nor pain  
 They feel nor sorrow—for no fiendish ire  
 Had curbed the souls which sin yet still to God aspire.

\* \* \*

Farewell ! dear Windermere—a long farewell !—  
 I grieve to leave thee, but I must obey  
 The call of duty.—Gladly would I dwell  
 Unknown to all but thee,—I must away—  
 The time is past when on thy wave I stray  
 Idly surveying—yes, the time is past—  
 I am not mine own master, must not play  
 The listless gazer longer, for the blast  
 Of busy life has blown, and this look is my last :



Yet shall it be a long one, if the time  
 Be weighed by mortal reckoning, though the scales  
 Of earth's and man's adjustment ill may chime  
 With the eternal feelings.—Lo ! the gales  
 Of busy, toilsome, manhood fill my sails  
 And beckon onward to the roaring main,  
 And, far as eye can scan, a dim shore hails  
 And seems to say, on me resume again  
 Those listless musings which you may not now retain.

---

I know † thee true, my monitor—I know  
 The vanity of struggling with the things  
 Of time and hateful substance here below—  
 I know the restless, careworn, mind ne'er brings  
 Or peace or answer to its questionings—  
 I know me lost in vain imaginings—  
 But, oh ! while youth and fever fire my veins,  
 Grant me to soar on fancy's airy wings,  
 And spend that ardour which, alas ! o'erstrains  
 The feeble mind that strives to keep it bound in chains.

---

It will not live in thralldom—it is filled  
 With fire unquenchable, and burns its way—  
 A subtle ether, not on earth distilled  
 And beaming with no sublunary ray—  
 It is an enemy to works of clay,  
 And struggles on to freedom as its goal—  
 Though doomed awhile in banishment to stray,  
 It communes with the universal soul,  
 And longs to make of earth and thought one boundless whole ;

Yet comprehend its vastness—else in vain  
 The mighty combination—be of it  
 The all-pervading spirit, and contain  
 Its magnitude, its plenitude—and quit  
 This mortal habitation, there to flit  
 All seeing, all possessing.—Idle dream !  
 Yet fond as idle—Lo ! a man I sit,  
 In chains of earth imprisoned, and between  
 Me and my wild desires vast barriers intervene—

---

Barriers impassable, except in thought—  
 Thought unsubstantial and for ever vain—  
 Yet is it idle still to deem it nought—  
 Far idler than to dwell in the domain  
 Of fancy and such visions entertain—  
 Idle to deem it nought—for whence its source ?—  
 The fond creation of a wandering brain !—  
 Whence is the brain, and whence its mighty force ?  
 If you would cease to mock it, trace its course.—

---

It comes from one whose very child it is—  
 His own creation, likeness, and it shows  
 His majesty in miniature—Can this  
 Be idle, paltry ? even whilst it glows  
 With lustre which the godhead's image throws  
 Upon his great reflection !—Cease thy prate,  
 Thou lifeless, soulless thing, whose mind scarce knows  
 To recognize its parent—Learn, though late,  
 Thy soul is bound to earth by folly's iron weight !

Learn that thy puny mind is not the measure  
 Of other minds, and not the mightiest thou—  
 That there are fields of thought where some take pleasure,  
 And furrows which there are who love to plough—  
 Furrows of contemplation, which to sow  
 They toil and labour—toil, for ever toil—  
 It may be they will reap at length, though now  
 Will disappointment all their efforts foil,  
 And teach them that on earth 'tis but a barren soil.

\* \* \*

I hear the steamer whistle—we are off—  
 Adieu ! ye friends and scenes of my brief joy—  
 Adieu ! ye vanish, and the waters scoff  
 Our short communion.—Nought without alloy—  
 In the world's wanton hands we move, a toy,  
 A little toy—Adieu ! ye scenes of bliss—  
 Adieu !—I came to visit you, a boy—  
 I go, a man—yet still a boy in wish,  
 For with my boyhood dies my boyhood's happiness.

Yet is it sweet to leave you thus and feel  
 The water throbbing with my throbbing heart,  
 A sympathizing music, and to steal  
 One long last fading glance before we part—  
 Part!—will it be for ever?—Lo there start  
 Barriers of toil and labour on the scene—  
 A cloud-creating atmosphere—Depart,  
 Thoughts of the gloomy morrow—There has been  
 'Mid clouds, and will be still, a ray of hope's bright sheen.

Oh ! pitiful †—I see a young boy weeping—  
 Weeping as though his heart were poured in tears—  
 Weeping for one, his parent—who, late steeping  
 His brain in fumes, though drunken, still endears  
 Himself to his creation.—Nothing tears  
 That fond devoted child from him who gave  
 A being blighted in its early years  
 By sorrow for its father, whom to save  
 Would seem its only end on this side of the grave.

---

Pause, my reflections.—Poems have an end,  
 And readers a satiety—'Tis sweet  
 To muse on passing objects, and to lend  
 The mind's own colours to the forms we meet—  
 'Tis sweet, but selfish—for before our feet  
 Roll objects numberless, and all are food  
 For pensive meditation—all may greet  
 The silent thinker, making him to brood  
 Upon this chequered life's unfathomed magnitude.

\*I would be understood to have a particular reference here.

†I have given a stanza which was minus a line—here is one plus a line, to make up for it.

‡It *was* pitiful ! and true as pitiful !

## **CANTO VI.**

## I.

There was a wood-crowned island rising high,  
 Begirt with rocks that shelving kissed the wave,  
 Which now with faintest murmur whispered by,  
 Now lashed the shores in foaming surge, that drave  
 Its salted humours with the blows it gave—  
 Above were scenes of calm which breathed repose,  
 And whoso will those troublous waters brave  
 May rest awhile forgetful of his woes,  
 And taste of pleasure which the weary only knows.

## II.

Here sweetest fruits of every kind were growing—  
 Here vines with purple grapes were clustering,  
 And flowers upon this teeming land were glowing  
 In gardens which eternal fragrance fling—  
 For here there blooms and breathes perpetual spring—  
 And coolest arbours wove impervious shades  
 To the sun's fiery rays, and constant sing  
 The varied notes of birds throughout these glades,  
 Where through the purple year nor leaf nor branch e'er fades.

## III.

Two temples crowned the summit—gorgeous one, \*  
 Whereon were pennons to the soft air streaming,  
 And on its walls of precious stones the sun  
 Cloudless in dazzling brilliancy was gleaming—  
 In jewelled mirror from his blue couch beaming—  
 Solid the other rose—No ornament  
 Allured the worldly with its splendid seeming—  
 No ray of beauty, from its white walls sent,  
 Attracts the stranger's gaze, or courts his wonderment.

## IV.

Yet was it lovely, if you entered there  
 And marked the looks of holy reverence,—  
 If from your inmost soul you breathed a prayer  
 What gentle odours greeted you from thence !  
 Ah ! there were pious hearts and thoughts intense  
 With highest longings,—That frail temple, reared  
 By human hands with pious diffidence,  
 A soaring ladder for his soul appeared  
 To whom these humble walls in spirit were endeared.

## V.

And many boats to those rough shores were steering,  
 And drew to anchor by the rock-hewn way—  
 Some floating streamers on their topmast bearing  
 With which the breezes sportfully do play—  
 Their prows were stained with many a colour gay—  
 And some there were all unadorned to view,  
 Yet skilfully their rudders they obey,  
 As if right well that island home they knew,  
 And learned to welcome it across the waters blue.

## VI.

And some against the rugged rocks offended,  
 And murmured as they struck upon the shore,  
 And with the truant barks again they blended,  
 Resolved to seek a landing place no more—  
 Meanwhile from out the anchored vessels pour  
 The various congregations, and the height  
 By easy steps ascend, until the door  
 Of open temples forms a welcome sight,  
 And makes full many a heart oppress with care wax light.

## VII.

Each to his own peculiar temple mounting;  
 Just as his disposition prompted him,  
 They made their way—Some beads, some prayers were counting—†  
 Some gay, some sad, some sullen,—as the whim  
 Pointed expression—Some whose every limb  
 Breathed agitation.—Thus they entered, and  
 Soon rose the supplication or the hymn  
 Of thanks to some protector, whose kind hand  
 Had led them through the surge to view this fairy land.

## VIII.

And there were many too, who sought this isle  
 But not the temples—and, in various parts,  
 They wandered where the fruits and flowerets smile,  
 And wooed its fragrance to their craving hearts,  
 Or bathed in coolest founts the wound whose smarts  
 Remind of ills surmounted, and of toil  
 Which rests but seldom, never all departs—  
 Oh! there is healing on this island soil  
 Round which the wild waves roar, the foaming waters boil.

## IX.

There was a silence now within the walls  
 Which lately echoed far and wide with song—  
 Yet on the listening ear a murmur falls,  
 Faint and scarce audible, the turf along.—  
 It was so sweet my eager soul did long  
 To drink its accents—so I crept to where  
 The open porch invited, and among  
 The trees which rose in lofty grandeur there  
 I sat me down, resolved those words of peace to share.



## X.

They rose from lips that I had heard before—  
 The sailors' gentle pilot—Clear they came  
 And kindly, as I crouched beside the door,  
 For inexperience filled my heart with shame,  
 And much I feared to hear the voice of blame—  
 And wondrous words of wondrous truth I heard,  
 And the oft mention of a mighty name  
 That in my spirit's deepest caverns stirred  
 Quick recognition which my trembling heart averred.

## XI.

It woke a feeling of affinity,  
 But only named what nameless I had known—  
 It roused me from a vacant reverie,  
 And bade me claim that great name as my own—  
 The mighty name of Father—nor disown  
 What 't were but madness not to recognize  
 And, recognizing, love, till I had grown  
 His son in strong affection, that defies  
 The voice of scorn which oft from the world's sons will rise.

## XII.

He spoke of the great Spirit and our Sire  
 And how he watched us in our every woe,  
 And knew the hearts that unto him aspire,  
 And such would he—their parent—ever know—  
 All those who deem their father not a foe—  
 He spoke of this our voyage, and a chart,  
 With shoals mark'd out and quicksands, meant to show  
 The only course of safety, where the heart  
 May live if only with that guide it never part.

## XIII.

He told how many had gone forth alone  
 To tempt the waters, deeming not of danger,  
 And how the rude winds their frail barks had blown  
 On rocks which shipwrecked many a heedless ranger,  
 And proved of slighted help a sure avenger—  
 And much he cautioned, much, in turn, implored,  
 To tempt not paths that lured the thoughtless stranger—  
 And spoke of punishment for aid ignored  
 From him whose kindly star all true born sons adorned.

## XIV.

"Around the land," he said, "through which we're gliding  
 A vast interminable ocean rolls,  
 And here at length, from earthly toil subsiding,  
 In life eternal live our new-born souls—  
 No limit have its waters—rocks and shoals  
 Are none—no grief, no labor, perfect rest—  
 Oh ! let us hasten onward, till the goals  
 Of this small stream be passed—let every breast  
 Nerve for the voyage with a newly gathered zest.

## XV.

But, oh ! beware the sweet inviting shore !  
 Beware the rocks, the quicksands !—Whoso seek  
 Disown their maker—for the angry roar  
 Of winds and waves—the rocks, with summit bleak  
 Yet tempting—and the still, inviting, creek—  
 The fertile shores—the gently budding flowers—  
 The glowing fruits—all these a language speak  
 At variance with the ocean, which o'erpowers  
 Its deadly foe at length, but not before he towers

## XVI.

Aloft in seeming majesty.—Behold  
 How faint the voice of ocean ! This poor stream  
 Is all it owns which limitless is rolled  
 Beyond this vast land's confines—But a beam  
 Of universal radiance will gleam,  
 And shiver it to ashes, with its slaves  
 To dwell in burning vapours, where supreme  
 The hell fire of distorted passion laves  
 The souls of cursing fiends with burning lava waves.

## XVII.

Laves—and for ever laves ! No respite there—  
 The spirit ever lives, and, as it chose  
 Its portion here, so must it revel where  
 No change the seal of destiny allows—  
 Life cannot be for ever with our foes—  
 Who hate the paths of virtue, they must revel  
 In scenes where whoso dwells no virtue knows—  
 They chose on earth the paths which lead to evil—  
 They chose—no more may choose—to join them with the devil.”

## XVIII.

Such words of mightiest import did I hear—  
 Hear, and resolve to bear them in my mind—  
 I begged a chart, and hasted me to steer  
 Where'er it pointed—and again the wind  
 Wafted my vessel—now no longer blind  
 I gave me to the waters, and I cheered  
 My faint heart with the hopes I learned to find  
 Where that sweet island, on its summit reared  
 A mighty temple to so many hearts endeared.

## XIX.

I pause.—It may be that I leave my guide  
 And fall on treacherous rocks, a shipwrecked man—  
 It may be that I stem the narrow tide  
 And end my journey safe as I began.—  
 It may be death o’ertakes me in the van—  
 It spares not youth and courage—it awaits  
 All, e’en the strongest. Idle then to scan  
 The years that may roll o’er me ere the fates  
 See fit to tear my life from consort with its mates.

## XX.

Flow on, calm river—thou art gentle now  
 And lullest me to slumber—Breezes, blow,  
 Softly compelling onward, and do thou,  
 Great spirit, keep me from my mortal foe,—  
 Whose eye, of rock, of fruit, of shoal, below  
 Surveys my wanderings, eager for his prey—  
 Keep me—for ever keep me, whilst I flow  
 On to eternity—shine on my way,  
 And let thy sweetest breeze on my fanned temples play !

## XXI.

The stream of life rolls wider, dearest friend,  
 And weaves vast gulfs between us—we must on—  
 Yet pray we for a meeting—pray to blend  
 In some bright happy land where woes are none,  
 When all our mortal wanderings are done—  
 Pray we to meet, no more our souls to sever  
 On waves of separation—there, as one,  
 To live a life, whose stream flows on for ever,  
 And whose fond waters part their mingling channels never.

## XXII.

My voice—my Muse, is dying, never more,  
 Perchance, to rise and see the light of day—  
 Enough—it was, and is not—yet I pore  
 With lingering sadness as it dies away,  
 And, still composing, woo its wing to stay—  
 Enough!—the strain is over, and, “receding”  
 “In” gloomy “distance,” leaves the faintest spray  
 To say it was—to leave my faint heart bleeding,  
 Or on sad memories still with morbid pleasure feeding.

## XXIII.

Enough—“too much of this”—put to the seal,  
 And close its contents even now o’ergrown,  
 And when ’t is opened next it may reveal  
 The past alone, a portrait not mine own,  
 Yet still in feature not as all unknown.—  
 Oh! how we love the picture of our mind!  
 It tells us we are never all alone—  
 ’Tis with our being ever close entwined,  
 By sympathy within the heart’s recess enshrined.

## XXIV.

For sympathy we think, and speak, and write—  
 We love to know ourselves not all bereft—  
 No one companionless, deserted, quite,  
 Unless his soul, abhorring self, has reft  
 The link of its own friendship and has left  
 Its own most sweet society—Within  
 There moves a world of sympathies—till, cleft  
 By sorrow or by feud-engendering sin,  
 Demons of discord their sad way to havoc win.

## XXV.

Bear with me yet one moment—only one—  
 I dread to bid a final, sad, adieu—  
 I know—alas ! my task is more than done,  
 And, oh ! I grieve, my friend, to weary you—  
 Ah ! if the lingering of my heart you knew,  
 You would not grudge me to prolong my plaint—  
 Firm to this stem my arms entwining grew,  
 And, as I quit the picture which I paint,  
 I feel my aching soul with fond regret wax faint.

## XXVI.

I love my theme too dearly, for it brings  
 Myself, my friends, the world, before my gaze,  
 With all my mind's most fond imaginings,  
 And the dear fields of fancy where it strays—  
 Yet can I not describe its glowing blaze,  
 Which fades in faint expression—only shines  
 In fullest lustre where unseen it plays  
 Devouring all things.—Who can work its mines  
 Without the dross which self in its own fire refines ?

## XXVII.

Refines not for removal !—Whoso would  
 Behold it in its glory, he must find  
 Some path whereon no human foot has stood,  
 And thence survey the unfathomable mind—  
 'Tis well !—he cannot—Haply, stricken blind,  
 He had not wished to snatch a second glance—  
 'Tis well his view is compassed and confined,  
 That his adventurous charger may not prance  
 On ground whose haunted cells might hold him in a trance.

## XXVIII.

Good bye ! myself, my present self—go blend thee  
 With other selves, and make thy music known—  
 No solitary to the world I send thee—  
 Go visit spirits not unlike thine own,  
 And soar on wings whereon thou late hast flown—  
 I scarce have heart to leave thee, yet commend  
 To those who did not, will not now, disown.—  
 Accept—forgive—these verses I have penned,  
 And let them in your thoughts with kindly feelings blend.

## XXIX.

Keep them, if only where the spider, weaving  
 His slender web, attracts the victim fly—  
 'Tis something that I close this strain believing  
 Its faintest echoes will not wholly die—  
 If you accept it then my tears are dry—  
 I cannot leave without a groan the § world  
 Which I have loved so long, so tenderly—  
 I feel as though, when this my sail is furled,  
 Into some vast abyss my spirit will be hurled—

## XXX.

And that abyss is busy, anxious, life,  
 Which gapes before me, and I see no end  
 To its endeavour.—Sounds of angry strife  
 Rise from its depths—And must my spirit blend  
 And be as part of them ? must it be penned  
 In shackles of convention ? must it sink  
 To rise no more in song ?—The shores extend,  
 As I approach and burst this last dear link  
 Which parts me from the gulf—Lo ! I am on its brink.

## XXXI.

One bound, and I am gone.—This verse is all  
That lies between us—then the spell is o'er,  
And I must tear me from the emotional  
And be a thing of action, never more  
To quit this mortal struggle, till the door—  
The welcome door—of death lets in one ray  
To play upon the waters as they pour  
Oblivion's vapours o'er me, until day  
Eternal shrine and chase the mists of death away.

\* Pardon me, E. W. S., for my obstinacy.

‡ The Oxford world—or, rather, the Balliol.



## **CONCLUSION.**

## 1.

"Thought is sensation," said the olden sages—  
 Who feel the most these think the wildest things—  
 Such live each hour a life of more than ages,  
 Boundless and vast as their imaginings.

## 2.

"The mind is its own place"—The spirit ranges  
 Through worlds of thought, uncompassed, unconfined—  
 The sympathizing body rings the changes  
 Which form a music to attune the mind.

"Penser c'est sentir"—truth spite of denial !  
 "All things are double one against another"—  
 Body and soul together doomed to trial—  
 What feels the one that thinks in turn the other.

## 4.

Be this my plea for pardon, if these lines  
 Seem discontented, inconsistent, mad—  
 When I am strong in limb my spirit shines,  
 When feeble (oh ! how often !) then 'tis sad.

## 5.

And I am peevish oft, impatient, trying,  
 To those with whom I live a frequent bore—  
 And harsh they deem me, while my soul is sighing  
 O'er the infirmity that I deplore.

## 6.

'Tis physical—I would they deemed it so—  
 'Tis more than will can compass—it o'erpowers  
 The mind, that is imprisoned here below  
 And frets the more the loftier it towers.

## 7.

It wants a home familiar, where to dwell  
 Free and at large, clogged by no weight of earth—  
 It longs to break of flesh the deadly spell  
 And revel joyous in a second birth.

## 8.

Till then it is perplexed by scenes unknown  
 Of earth and strife, and wrestles in its dream  
 For blessings which it grieves to have foregone,  
 Longing to wake in life's celestial beam.

## 9.

*This* is not life—this mazy, devious, flow  
 Of waters dark with madness and despair,  
 Where those who think are doomed to thoughts of woe,  
 And those who think not are distraught with care.

## 10.

You who have read these lines have read the history  
 Of thoughts conceived in little mortal space,  
 Yet is their length of uncomputed mystery  
 If measured in their own familiar place.

## 11.

Thought is not of the earth—no earthly bounds  
 Can grasp the circuit of infinity—  
 Tis inexpressible in mortal sounds,  
 And born in words it carols but to die.

## 12.

Yet poetry is less of earth than prose—  
 For this I chose it, that I may revive,  
 And turn this deadly slumber to a doze—  
 Earnest that one day I shall wake and live.

## 13.

Farewell!—a sound that calls me back from heaven  
 To droop again on earth, a prisoner soul—  
 Farewell!—'tis only for a moment given  
 To rise above the floods that earthward roll.

## 14.

Farewell!—Yet listen to my latest warning—  
 Be not enchained to life which is but death—  
 Raise, raise your spirits to the light of morning,  
 And heave in life eternal your pure breath.

## 15.

Live, live, like those to whom is given being  
 Yet doomed a while to be and not to be—  
 As one whose eyes are clouded, yet all seeing  
 When once they open in eternity.



## 16.

Breathe, breathe, a heavenly vapour, till your spirit  
 Rises above the atmosphere of sense—  
 Teach, teach, your soul to learn how to inherit  
 A glorious life of spotless innocence.

## 17.

Such are the words which from my heart I utter  
 To all who hold communion with my mind—  
 Such are the thoughts within my soul that utter  
 The warnings of a feeling undefined.





